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A LAY SERMON

BY

JOHN RUSSELL,

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

" 'TIS YOU THAT SAY IT, NOT I. YOU DO THE DEEDS, AND
YOUR UNGODLY DEEDS, FIND ME IN WORDS."—*Sophocles*,

Translated by Milton.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1890,
by JOHN RUSSELL, at the Department of Agriculture.

PREFACE.

The following pages is most respectfully dictated to R. S. Chilton, Esq., U. S. Consul in Goderich, as the representative here of the first great nation born from Great Britain. The writer now claims the influence of both great nations, to send this story over a many nationed world, for the purpose of showing the dignity and degradation of man, and for commanding veneration to religion, home, marriage, woman, petition, truth, and the interest of the author.

GODERICH, ONT.,

Oct., 1890.



JOHN RUSSELL,

THE EXCOMMUNICATED.

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"A lie is courage to God, cowardice to Man." 'Tis you that
say it ; not I. You did the deeds, and your ungodly
deeds find me the words.

A LAY SERMON.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, the subject of my lecture will be "Providence, our Monitor and Electric Power," or a lay sermon from Gen., 1st. chapter, and 8th and 104th Psalms, by me as excommunicated from the Presbyterian Church. It will, no doubt, appear to all of you a piece of daring effrontery and presumption for a person of my position to address you; but I am here to trace the cause of my excommunication, its injustice, its falsehood, and my defence, its effects upon society, and especially upon our sweet religion; and show you that churchianity is not Christianity, that in my case it is unfeeling inhumanity, yea, brutality, because it revives the wolf's paw of the 16th century by lacerating the most solemn and most sacred rite of marriage and falsifies the statutes of God. I am here to defend and vindicate the ways of God to man, and man to God, who, when He finished His work in Eden, and away down, down through the Holy Land, over whose acres walked the blessed feet - which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed for our advantage to the cursed tree; yes, for our advantage, for within the wide range of sacred and profane literature there is naught written that invests man with more importance and grandeur than that which is in Genesis, to have the great and adorable Creator describe the creation of man and give him dominion over the earth. For there

is something awful in this the first association of the Creator with the to be created man; that the Creator of man, the animal, vegetable and mineral parts of this world of ours should have delegated us to be His co-workers is astounding, but such is the fact. Look from nature up to nature's God, look to star-eyed science and wander there, for she will not waft you back the tidings of despair. Oh! no. Study the Gospel of the stars, great nature's holy writ; the heavens are as a book before the set; read the star lessons in their midnight grandeur from the deck of an ocean steamship when there is naught around you but darkness visible, except the gleaming lights and signal rockets of your own and other ships athwart your path; look into the bowels of your ship, watch the marvelous pulslike movements of the powerful engine as it sends your ship through the two immensities in all their rage and fury. Hold on there, you are triumphing over the multitudinous laughter of ocean billows. The sea is raging around you like a hell for Divine and human prey. Hold fast to your ship, its Captain and Him who said "When thou passest through the waters they will not overwhelm thee;" fear not the paralytic heart beat, the gurgling sensation of your breath as if your life was to be torn from you like a leaf from a twig in a storm-swayed forest. Fear not, but rejoice; you are standing upon the sublimest and Divinest spot on our globe, to show you the progressive and upward workings of the creature man to the Creator. The great Leader will soon make the troubled waters calm, like a crystalline sea of glory, and bring you to your desired haven, renewed, regenerated and disenthralled from merely human power. Or! look again, when there is no stir in the air, no stir in the sea, when the moon holds her unclouded sway through skies where I could count each little star, your ship is creating air to send you onward to land. What an analogy, a similarity here of Divine and human power. Or look at the stars as the Catholic girl did when she said the stars were holes in the sky to look through to the glory of God. Take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth; you will see sermons in stones and coals, and good in everything from God to man, proving design, and if design there

must be a designer. And who is my Designer—Creator,—Monitor? And I am and you are His co-workers on earth. How grandly the works of man prove revelation. Look at the surface of our globe, its form defined by Columbus, who got power to do this from a woman, crowned a Queen by the combined powers of heaven and earth; its aspect changed, its climate modified. Look at the long delayed, but grand discovery that our earth is not flat, but a great and glorious globe, a gorgeous footstool for its great and adorable Creator, revolving in space, bringing day and night, summer and winter, heat and cold. What a mechanism, what a prolific abundance of material for man's use. Look at the widely asundered necessities of life, our teas, sugars, coffee and wine that maketh the heart of man glad and strong. Look at the Mediterranean, that sea which still holds such a spell over the spirit—the many nationed sea. Its shores were empires, Assyrian, Greece, Rome, Carthage; their grandeur was greatly derived from the sea. All our religions, almost all our laws, almost all that sets us above savages has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean. If all that we have gained from the shores of the Mediterranean were erased from the memory of man we should be savages. It has been the mightiest instrument in the civilization of mankind. Here the benevolent sway of a Divine Providence asserts itself. Look at the surface of our continent since the days of Columbus; its northern part a dense forest then; now it is like a spider's web woven with steel and wire, flashing thought and matter like the glance of the mind. Look at the valleys of the Nile, the Tiber, the Seine, the Thames, the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, studded with magnificent cities, with their gorgeous palaces, their cloud-capped towers, their solemn temples, their glowing canvas, their durable marble, their charms of poetry and song, the hum of comfortable industry from thousands of looms, forges and factories. Look on old ocean steamships triumphing over Atlantic hurricanes and Indian cyclones. Look at the telegraph joining continents in the bands of progress—these are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O man. Man, young and old, keep this, the grandest thought you are called upon to grapple steadily with, and the oft-repeated morbid-minded

prattle about man's original sin will affect your mission as the transit of Venus affects the sun. Look upon the works of God and man and adore their matchless majesty. Look at the revelation of the telescope, making the star-dust of the milky way countless worlds. Look at the revelation of the microscope working in the same line of artistic atoms as God. Look at the wonders of the ceramic art, with its beautiful colors, form and delicate blending, vying with the lily and the rose, but defying the most potent powers of the universe—decay and time. Here man rises above his Creator; the freckle, streak and strain of his unrivalled pencil decay, but man's does not. Look at the gorgeous public and private conservatories of our northern and temperate zone, enriched with the fruits, the flowers, the graceful palms and the Victoria Regina lily from the tropical Amazon. Look at the abundant and varied creations of God to man stored in the bowels of the earth for man's use, and mark their worthlessness until man brings his creative powers to bring forth their beauty and utility. Plenty of iron ore, but it takes man to form it into a needle, a pen, a steel rail, and steamship, and wire girdling our globe with the marvel of almost instant thought and action. Plenty of gold, but it is a nugget, or dust, until man creates a crown of glory for a world-renowned Queen, who stamps her image on it, making coin a passport over the world. Look at the abundance of our woods, how useless they are until man fashions them into houses, and ships that carry aloft the canvas and flag that waft His praises to the four quarters of our globe.

Thro' earth's fairest scenes of beauty and grandeur,
The co-workers, God and man, woo you to wander.

But, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I can be told with truth that the human artistic creations of the Orient, where creation seems no more the works of nature, but her dreams, are equal to our own and will command the admiration of mankind until the wreck of elements and spoil of matter. But, sir, why the sudden stoppage of those creative powers? For centuries the Chinese have been at a stand-still, and have made no progress. For centuries

the Chinese had the compass and did not give us its benefits. Why. Because the Chinese had not the teaching of the Royal Psalmist and heavenly inspired geographer David, who first calls our earth round. Neither had the Chinese the electric power of that stupendous miracle on the shore of the Red Sea, when heaven and earth joined forces, and told mankind for all ages to go forward, in all times and places, to duty; heedless of raging billows, Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand, or to trace crime. Go forward is our duty, progress and diffusion of power is our watchword. It is in our nature by the power of our Creator and inspiration of Holy Writ. Look at our homes, sweet, sweet homes, when they are not corrupted by vice and Neroic monsters; at our big ha' Bible, the voice of song and praise, the Sabbath bell pealing the marriage of earth to heaven. But hark to that music pealing from that solemm temple; the sun hisself seems to linger over that glorious scene, and those grand, melodious sacred sounds going from earth to heaven.

All people that on earth do dwell
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye, before Him, and rejoice.

Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to man. This is Milton's sevenfold chorus of hallelujah and harping symphonies. There are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O man; you show yourself worthy the majesty of your mission as a co-worker with the great I AM. Nature and the human art is a working model of the spiritual, the earth is crammed with heaven and every common bush a fire with God for man's use.

How excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is Thy name;
Who hast Thy glory far advanced
Above the starry frame.
When I look up into the heavens,
Which Thine own fingers framed,
Unto the moon, and to the stars,
Which were by Thee ordained,

Then say I, what is man, that he
 Remembered is by Thee ;
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 So kind to him shouldst be ?

For Thou a little lower hast him than the angels made,
 With glory and with dignity Thou crowned hast his head.

Hear man's reply to this heavenly and earthly grandeur :

When all Thy mercies, O, my God, my rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I am lost in wonder, love and
 praise,
 Oh ! how shall words with equal warmth the gratitude de-
 clare
 That glows within my ravished heart, but Thou canst read
 it there.

But, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, blot from the surface of our earth man's works, let ruin's ploughshare go over them, and the surface of our earth would soon become a waste, howling wilderness, the abode of savage beasts, and men still more savage; or blot from the heart, the soul, the mind, the conscience, the motives, the actions of men and churches, the tremendous power of those ten words given us by the combined powers of heaven and earth, when it was thundered from Sinai: "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," and you bring a deluge of wickedness on the earth. But, Sir, I will defend the holy, the grand, the true, the upright works of God and man, and if man, individually or collectively, dare pollute the works of God and man I will, as I do now, invoke the spirit of my Creator, and the delirium of patriotism, to defend the teachings of the Holy Land and man's good works on earth, while my thought and flesh cling together. But, Sir, to my story, which will prove to you that Providence is our Monitor in matter and mind, when I enfold to you the history of my excommunication by a twelve-year-old church, which plays such fantastic tricks before high heavens as make angels weep and men blush with shame that our patriotism to the Holy Land, our religion, our civilization, should be so desecrated in this the

19th century of the Christian era. I heartily welcome this boy-aged church from the 19th century old church to fight a three-score-and-ten veteran like me, with their excommunication falsehoods, and galling persecution, and public insults, from such specks of humanity as Malcomson, Master of Chancery in Goderich, who publically called me a crank, on the authority of Dr. Ure, which I repaid with compound interest. I welcome all these, because it brings me out in defence of home, wife, business, country, religion, God and His Godlike humanity. But what is excommunication? I fancy many of you are asking. Here it is from the Britannia Encyclopedia, the standard authority of the world: "Excommunication, an ecclesiastical penalty or censure, whereby such persons as are guilty of any notorious crime or offence are separated from the communion of the church, and deprived of all spiritual advantages. Excommunication is founded on a natural right which all societies have of excluding out of their body such as violate the laws thereof, and it was originally intended for preserving the dignity of the church, but ambitious ecclesiastic secured to it by degrees into an engine for promoting their own power, and inflicted it on the most frivolous occasions." Different churches have different degrees of punishment, some even forbidding burial in consecrated ground, and denying intercourse with the church officers with the party excommunicated, with loss of business, as was done with me. To this, I forbid the minister or church officers my house. My notorious crime that brought my excommunication was my successful tracing out the conspirators against my purse and person, as the evidence I will lay before you will prove, and that Providence is our Monitor and Electric Power in crime. Like St. Paul, I now appeal to the public judgment, for to the church and society I have done no wrong, but good. The common meaning of the word "Providence" is timely care, preparation, provision; in theology the superintendence of God over His creatures, or, more fully, the spirit of God, our Creator and Guide, schooling and training us for work of His in coming years. This power is revered and honored by all theologians. By Paley it is called the court of conscience, to whose commands we must obey, if not, it is the unpardonable sin

against the might and majesty of His spirit in us. It's part and parcel of our nature, we can not rid ourselves of it and have peace of mind, it is continually saying to us in the secret recesses of our heart, God expects, this day, you will do your duty. If duty, then, is to be done by you, do it, and I will give you peace, joy and comfort in My Spirit, working in your conscience. In you Providence or My Spirit is to mind what gravitation is to matter" This is the singular; but I claim for that word a more extended and comprehensive meaning. As Providence justly claims oversight over us it is clearly shown from this that no man, woman or boy that Providence marks with peculiar care, but receives from that power the impress of the inspiration of his power, guiding, controlling and directing that object of solicitude and providential care to perform certain acts. Those acts, words and works, I claim to be the electric power or force, which flows from the object of, and under the Providence of God, and this so influences his associates that he electrifies them with this power, and thereby commands their influence and support to enable him to carry out the providential inspiration which this subtle power has given him, either for weal or woe to his fellow-beings, it may be in the discovery of new continents, the progress of the arts and sciences, or the tracing out of crime, confirming Holy Writ when it says, "Be sure your sins will find you out." Providence, then, is but another name for that Divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. Or, in the sublime, consoling and comforting language of Holy Writ, "Fear not, for I am with thee be not dismayed, for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness; when thou passest through the waters, they will not overwhelm thee"—I will sustain thee in the majesty of the mission I have given you to do. I have especially chosen you and honored you as my agent and co-worker, to work out my mysterious ways and plans. Go forward, then, and be my delegated agent in the moral and physical world. I do not work by miracles now, but by human agent; syou are one now called upon to influence, to electrify your fellow-citizens to my honor and glory. Such, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, is my meaning

of the word Providence, and its power as a subtle agent in the world, and as such I treat it, and give you as an example the most illustrious proof on the page of history of Providence being our "Monitor and Electric Power." Look at Columbus in his early days—a bold adventurer, a patriot and a man of humanity. His mind, too, was kindled by religious enthusiasm, by the allusion in the Bible to the universal diffusion of the Gospel, and in his dreams of nautical discovery, the belief that he was destined to be an apostle sent to extend the dominion of the Cross predominated over more worldly aspirations. For years, while struggling with disappointment and harassed by poverty, he pursued this idea with the pertinacity of a monomaniac. His proposal to the Senate of Genoa and Council of Venice was rejected. He cast his eyes on other European powers, but was rejected. But at last a providential guidance had brought him into the presence of the man the best calculated to comprehend his purpose, in a country where he was totally without friends, and with whose language he was completely unacquainted. A common sympathy and providential guidance drew them together, and Columbus accepted for a period the hospitality of Marchenas, and made him the confidant of his views. Marchenas wrote an eloquent letter to Queen Isabella, who summoned Marchenas and Columbus into her presence. That Isabella should, at such a moment, when engaged in war, and harassed by financial embarrassment, listen to a proposition which had been twice condemned by a body of learned men is a circumstance which entitles her in the highest degree to a share in the glory which her protegee Columbus, through her was destined to obtain. King Ferdinand remained a stranger to the expedition. He applied his signature to the stipulations, but caused it to be distinctly set down that the whole affair was undertaken by the Queen of Castile, at her own risk and peril, thus excluding himself from every form, lot or parcel in this transcendent enterprise. As the treasury was depleted by the drains of war, Queen Isabella of Spain sold even her jewels to fit out the enterprise. At last all was ready, and Columbus, standing upon the quarter-deck, gave the order to spread the sails, in the name of Jesus Christ. When

Columbus, with his fleet of three ships, was spreading their sails in the name of Jesus, to go on their grand voyage, I say :

Go in thy glory o'er the mighty, unknown, unfathomed, untried,
unnamed, unseen deep,
Take with thee gentle gales, thy sails to keep ;
Sunshine and glory on thy streamers dwell,
Fare thee well, barks, farewell, farewell.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Pope, in his Temple of Fame, says :

“High o'er the rest the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant composed his throne.”

In other words, the exalted position I have given Homer cannot and ought not to be removed or assailed. I do both, Sir. I yield to no man in my admiration of Homer as a poet, who has charmed and dazzled humanity for all time with his Iliad, which was the first perfect model for epic poetry, and which Milton copied for his far-reaching Paradise Lost. But, Sir, the true position to give the works of man, and to place them amongst his fellows, is to be measured by the volume of inspiration he got from his Creator, for no man can be truly great without this mysterious electric power given him at once to show the sympathetic unity of thought and action between God and man, and man's duty to illustrate God's words and works as his co-worker. Homer chose for his subject the siege of Troy; Milton, Paradise Lost—both grand subjects. But for a higher and higher, deeper and deeper, closer and closer joining, welding, grafting of the creature to the Creator, I put Columbus in the place of Homer in the Temple of Fame, that adorns our earth with the heavenly inspired genius of our Godlike humanity. Columbus, his mind and works prove that he was carried onward and onward by a heavenly Monitor. His ideal was to prove the marvelous grandeur of the structure of our earth for man's use and then spread Christianity, and to show that minds are of celestial birth and to make a heaven of earth. Poverty, the severest trial that ambitious genius is called upon to

suffer, could not discourage him. Neither could the crushing weight of learned societies, for Columbus drew his inspiration and strength from the word "round," first used by the heavenly taught geographer, David, and his steadfast faith and reliance on the Providence of God as his Monitor. Columbus, too, was familiar with and a close observer of the movement of water. No flat surface could, for one moment, or tide, keep water on a flat. A flat must have an edge. No power could keep water in its place, subject to winds, tides and storms. What a position this puts learned societies in, that, despite their influence, Columbus triumphed. Columbus appears to have been drawn, as it were, by Providence as his Monitor away back to the time when the earth was without form, and void; when the Great Architect was designing and planning the forms of our planetary system; when the granite and marbles of Troy were soft, and the isles of the Grecian Archipelago were submerged. What a majesty, a sublimity, a divinity is here in our humanity in the genius of Columbus; our humanity shows nothing like it. I claim that the poverty-stricken, adventurous man Columbus, who, unacquainted with the language of the country which befriended him, and who gained power to fit out such an expedition in the teeth of national poverty and the opposition of learned societies, and who took that expedition so far that the crews mutinied and threatened his life—the quenching of the mutiny was one of the most signal interpositions of God—these acts prove that there was more of that divinity that shapes our ends in Columbus than any other man that ever trod our earth, for his work and genius justly commands the incense of a world's applause. Channing, on Napoleon, in his analysis of greatness, carries this grandly forward when he defines moral and intellectual greatness and the greatness of action. In Columbus, we see this trio crown him the greatest man that ever trod our earth, at once to glorify its Maker and benefit His co-worker, man. Or let us simplify the gorgeous micro-telescopic language of Channing and ask who is the greatest man? I answer the best. Who is the best? He that deserves most of his country, the world and its great and adorable Creator. Such was Columbus. What Columbus was to the learned

societies in the science of geography, in the Providence of God, I claim, as the excommunicated, to be under the same teaching a monitor to the learned societies, the Presbyterian church, in the science of God and man, of Ethics or Moral Philosophy.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I feel largely indebted to Columbus for the lesson and example he has given me and men for all time, not to be discouraged at the treatment of learned societies who once called our earth flat, and in my case calls a petition an application, letters and papers. Truth must and will prevail and triumph. Young gentlemen, ever remain true to your conscience, truth and God.

My brethren in arms and kindred in the renown of the United States, in the heaven-born monitorship of progress and diffusion of power as the genius of our race, will pardon me when I say that their colossus ought to have been named Columbus Enlightening the World, for I repeat, Columbus did more to enlighten the world as a footstool for its great and adorable Creator and his crowning creation, his co-worker man, than any other man that ever trod its surface. "His action spread a golden and glorious world around him and our earth, and tinged everything with its own gorgeous colors." What we want is men of muscle, brawn, pluck, courage and strength; men who are ready to grapple with difficulties, dangers and hindrances, to take hold of what comes and do what is needed, meet enemies and overcome them, and do work which will tell in time and eternity. There is something very manly, attractive and inspiring in the man who, in the face of general opposition, stands up bravely and battles alone for a principle. For in the realms of Christian love and service everybody has a place of his own. It has been ordained for him especially. In it he can do for God and his fellow-men what no one else can do. Such was Columbus; such I am, and want to be more yet, therefore, I say:

High o'er the rest the mighty Colon shone,
Eternal adamant makes his throne.

Or let me slightly alter the glorious epitaph which his tomb

bears, and say : Columbus gave to the old world a new world by the powerful influence of Castile and Leon.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain
And dies amid his worshippers."

Thus commenced the most memorable venture upon the ocean that man had then made or has made since. At last land was discovered. Columbus lands, kissed the earth, uttered the famous prayer, draws his sword and names the land in honor of our Saviour. This, then, is the most illustrious example of Providence being our Monitor and Electric Power that history gives us. And what has flowed from it ? A continent given to the East. And what has the western world given to the East ? Gratitude, progress and diffusion of power for the blessings of religion and civilization. This is what Catholic Spain gave to the West in 1492. I will soon show you what Presbyterian Canada gave to the world in 1886-7. There was something of the sublime and providential in Columbus, gathering faith, hope, comfort and encouragement in the scraps of the vegetable kingdom which he saw floating around him on the great immensity of old ocean—the grandest element on our planet, over which man has no power. Man does dwarf and pierce earth's gigantic mountains to his own use, but over the beauty, strength and majesty of the ocean he has no power but to use it as an agent of civilization, to show that man is a co-worker with God to create progress and diffusion of power.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll,"—

Queen Isabella summoned Marchenas and Columbus into her presence. What a gathering of a trio of the great souls and providential masterpieces of our race—the especially favored of God and man. What brought them together there ? Columbus, a bold adventurer, a poverty-stricken enthusiast ; Marchenas, his friend, and Queen Isabella. Look at the trio ! They represent Faith, Hope and Charity on earth, overshadowed by and welded into one mind by

the Spirit and power of the Providence of God. This electric power and light shed a halo of glory in the council chamber of a gorgeous palace. What a scene, what a picture, fit for the genius of a Milton or a Michael Angelo. Preserve this picture, O preserve it in the charms of song, the minstrelsy of music, on the glowing canvas, on the durable marble, in imperishable bronze. Treasure this in your heart, while your thought and flesh cling together. It is worthy of eternal adamant, it does and will continue treasured as one of, if not the grandest earthly bond that links our humanity to Divinity. This is Providence, our Monitor and Electric Power, from a physical, nautical, and national standpoint—the grand outflow of the teaching of our sweet religion to which Columbus devoutly believed. What the scraps of the vegetable kingdom were to Columbus on the world of waters a hand-writing, a look, a word was to me on the ocean of crime—sure and certain evidence of guilt. Scraps of circumstantial evidence speak truth, circumstances cannot lie. It has been said “that little things are God’s levers,” and it is utterly true. No power on earth can affect the flowing or ebbing of the tide, neither can it affect or stop the providential march of truth against falsehood. As I will now proceed to show you that flows from my Petition to the General Assemblies, and which was called in the *Globe* an application, and in the Acts of the Assembly letters and papers, at Hamilton, in 1886, and Winnipeg, 1887. Here man degrades, but Providence exalts us, as his agents, to purify his cause, and our humanity to send the arrow of guilt and crime home to the modern Jehu. It is a signal honor to be an arrow in the Almighty’s quiver. For being a successful agent in the Providence of God I was censured, suspended and excommunicated by the Presbyterian church. The providential, gorgeous, glorious scenic curtain has now fallen and hidden from view Columbus, whose business with God seems now well and triumphantly done. The curtain again rises and shows you the poor old censured, suspended, excommunicated Russell, as it were, on the shores of the Red Sea, with its angry, yawning water; with storm-clouds, shadows and darkness on it before him. An electric gleam rifts the clouds and shows the heavenly words, “Go forward; you too, like Columbus, are on busi-

ness with God. 'Be bold as a leopard, swift as an eagle, bounding as a stag, brave as a lion to do the will of thy Father who is in Heaven.' Go forward with dignified deliberation and you will soon see 'Light in the darkness.'"

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, there is no man who has felt the stings and arrows of outrageous wrath, whose thought and flesh cling together, but must find great comfort in reading that unrivalled supplicatory hymn :

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,—

And saying, "O God,merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful,mercifully assist our prayers that we make before Thee in all our troubles and adversities, whereinsoever they oppress us;and graciously hear us,that those evils which the craft or subtlety of the devil or man worketh against us be brought to naught, and by the Providence of Thy goodness they may be dispersed. Remove from us, we entreat Thee, all frightful apprehensions, all perplexing doubts and scruples about our duty, that we, thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions or afflictions, may evermore give thanks unto Thee in Thy Holy Church and world through Jesus Christ our Lord." The comforting majesty of this language when you confidently and prayerfully rely on it lifts you out of yourself to Providence, our Guide. The excommunicated Assyrian-Canadian Russell is now down like the wolf in the fold of the Presbyterian false shepherds, with his logic gleaming with word levers in stern logic and gold. For I said, "Oh, my God, take me not away in the midst of my old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth me; wherefore in Thee, O Lord, have I put my trust, let me never be put to confusion."

Now, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, look at the crime which I now unfold to you as a proof of Providence being our Monitor and Electric Power, as my Petition to the church court will show you soon. I received a letter signed, "J. N. Sheerwood, Box 1176, Toronto." I cannot read this letter to you because it is in the possession of the government inspector of legal offices, Osgoode Hall, Toron-

to, along with my two answers, but the letter was nearly as follows :

TORONTO, Dec. 13th, 1883.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL, Goderich.

DEAR SIR,—When passing through Goderich I was much pleased with it as a place to extend and erect a branch of our smelting works at Toronto and Port Hope. Owing to the close proximity of your town to the coal and iron ore of the U. S., we propose erecting works at Goderich and employing 80 men at once, and increase as business progresses. By making this known to your leading citizens, it would greatly assist us in our undertaking. A friend of mine in Toronto gave me your name as a likely person to show this to your leading citizens, which, I trust, you will do.

I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully and truly,

J. N. SHEERWOOD,
Box 1176, Toronto.

This is the purport of the letter, which was written in a bold, business-like hand on foolscap paper, and enclosed in a large envelope. The moment I read this I thought the writer had got my name from the *Mail* office, because I was a contributor to that paper about the Goderich harbor, and it was 30 years since I was much in Toronto. Before answering this I consulted Mr. Imrie, who said he thought it was genuine, but to show it to our Mayor, who also thought it right to answer it at once, and work it up well. I therefore answered it on a card by return mail, thus :

GODERICH, Dec. 14th, 1883.

J. N. SHEERWOOD. Esq.,
Box 1176, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge yours of the 13th inst. In reply, accept thanks. I will attend to your request with the least possible delay, or anything that you think will improve business here, and show that "progress and diffusion of power is the genius of our race."

I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

JOHN RUSSELL.

I afterward showed the letter to our leading citizens, who were cheered by the prospect held out in the Sheerwood letter. I also got representative cards from a great many. When I showed this letter to Dr. Ure, his wife was present. She asked me with queenly grace, fervor and power to give her my reason for me getting such an important letter, and not the Mayor or some of the town officials. I said that my belief was that the writer had got my name from the *Mail* office, for if the smelting works was to be carried out, as indicated, it would require the united efforts of the government, town and company. At mention of this Dr. Ure gave me such a look that it haunts me still; he seemed to shrink from my presence and left the room abruptly. Mrs. Ure congratulated me as a public writer, encouraged comforted and refreshed me. I answered this letter in detail by representative cards from our leading citizens with my dictation, but written by one A. McD. Allan, in his office, at my side, on common note paper, which he returned me, and took his own crest-mounted paper. Shortly after this I was told the Sheerwood letter was a fraud. Several were blamed here for writing the letter, including myself, as a step to municipal or school board honors. No answer came to me from the dead letter office. I then applied to the P. O. Department, Toronto and Ottawa, for them to tell me who used box 1176, Toronto, but was refused information, as my letter from Ottawa will prove. This shows a confederate and conspiracy against my person and purse. Mr. Hays called me into his office and told me in the presence of Messrs. Kay and Ward that Allan was the writer of the Sheerwood letter. One of Dr. Ure's elders urged me to show the letter to Dr. Ure, which I did, when Dr. Ure examined mine and compared it with his own, when he told me he believed Allan was the writer of the letter signed "J. N. Sheerwood." I urged Dr. Ure to bring us together, as we were both members of his church. He refused. By this means the case came before the Session, when my chief witnesses, viz.: Messrs. Hays, Kay and Ward, were not examined. At a Session meeting Dr. Ure wanted my papers burned to conceal a fraud, and his part in this disgraceful transaction. Some one then from his Session told my wife to take (steal) the Sheerwood papers. I refused to accept the investigation of the Session in

this matter; I was publicly censured in the Goderich newspapers by the Session of Knox church, to which I replied in the Goderich papers maintaining the above. A few more meetings were held in Session, with the result of my censure, suspension and excommunication. I then appealed to the Presbytery by Petition, and on July 15th, 1885, received answer that my Petition was unsupported, and my charge false, vexatious and vague. On March 2nd I enlarged the Petition to its present form, as you will now hear :

THE PETITION.

TO THE REV. THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA :

Your petitioner humbly sheweth that he received a letter, signed "J. N. Sheerwood, Box 1176, Toronto," dated Dec. 13th, 1883, which I showed to our Mayor, who told me to answer it, and look it up well. When I showed this letter to Dr. Ure, as one of our leading citizens, Mrs. Ure was present, and asked me with queenly grace and fervor for my reason in me getting such an important letter, and not the Mayor or some of the town officials. I replied that I believe the writer had got my name from the *Mail* office; for if the smelting works was to be carried out, as indicated, it would require the united efforts of the government, town and company. At mention of this Dr. Ure gave me such a look that it haunts me still; he seemed to shrink from my presence, and left the room abruptly. Mrs. Ure congratulated me as a public writer, encouraged, comforted and refreshed me. I answered this letter in detail by representative cards from our leading citizens, with my dictation, but wrote by one A. McD. Allan, in his office, at my side. Shortly after this answer I was told the letter was a fraud. Several were blamed here for writing it, including the writer, who was taunted on the streets as writing the letter as a step to municipal or school board honors. No answer came to me from the dead letter office, which proves a confederate and conspiracy against my purse and person. Mr. Hays, lawyer, called me into his office and asked me if I would show him my Sheerwood letter. I did, which put

me on the track of the abovenamed Allan. His answer and letter were closely examined here and in New York. One of Dr. Ure's elders, Mr. McDonald, urged me to show them to Dr. Ure, which I did on May 2nd, 1884. When he examined letters marked No. 1, 2 and 3 he told me he believed Allan was the writer. This so shocked me that tears came to me, when Dr. Ure put his hand on my shoulder and said I had the best of it. I urged Dr. Ure to bring us three together, which he would not do, but got time from me, as Allan was a hypochondriac. On May 6th I called again on Dr. Ure and swept away his hypochondria argument, I showing that Allan had a confederate who took my two letters from the Toronto P. O. I again urged Dr. Ure to bring us together, as we were both members of his church, which he would not do. I said I would put it through, and showed him my charge to Allan, when he told me to go to Dr. Taylor and learn from him if he could stand the charge. In Session Dr. Ure said he told me to go to Dr. Taylor, but denied saying to me that Allan was the writer, and said I was in a hallucination and was pestering him. This, then, is the particular thing with regard to which he witnessed falsely; also the time and place. The Session books, Elders Mitchell, McDonald and McMath will confirm this if truth is spoken or sworn to in the public denial of my private examination of said papers. Elder McMath told me to burn the papers, and he never saw them. Elder Miller came to my house on or about the 1st July, 1885, and asked me if Mrs. Russell was in. I replied she was. When she came Mr. Miller said he had come for the papers. He got them (by pre-arrangement), and kept them from me against my will and right, as telegrams to the Clerk of Presbytery, and cards to Dr. Ure and Elder Miller will prove. At a meeting of Session Dr. Ure said to burn the papers for the purpose of concealing a fraud. I was told by two of Dr. Ure's Elders of Session he did not say so, but I compelled him to admit in Presbytery that he said, burn the papers. In the above I was censured, suspended and excommunicated from church, and a good deal of newspaper controversy has gone on here with no truth on the side of the church—especially from the Presbytery in the *News-Record* of Dec. 2nd, 1885.

I therefore appeal to you for counsel.

On March 2nd, 1886, I sent the following as to the origin of the above to the Clerk of Presbytery. Owing to the death of my brother-in-law, I was brought frequently into the company of the Rev. Mr. Thomson, then of Brucefield, now of British Columbia. When I asked Mr. Thomson why he had not yet preached in Goderich, after being nearly three years in Brucefield, and getting on so well amongst my old friends, he replied he had not been asked. I asked Dr. Ure. He said he would do so to me and another gentleman. Six months elapsed and he was not here, when a small, select party, including Mr. Cameron, M. P., whose guest Mr. Thomson was when here, Mr. Allan, Editors *Signal* and *Star*, and the writer arranged to go and hear Mr. Thomson preach, say next Sunday week. The Synod was then in Kingston, when Mr. Thomson came from there and preached in Dr. Ure's church; therefore we did not go.

Now, Rev. Gentlemen of the Assembly, I believe Mr. Allan telegraphed our intention to go to Brucefield, and that the Sheerwood letter was the joint product of Mr. Allan and Dr. Ure, to punish me for my interference (with the best of motives) in the pulpit arrangement, for 1st, Mr. Thomson coming on that Sabbath; 2nd, Dr. Ure's look and manner to me on the first interview; 3rd, his refusal to effect a reconciliation on the second meeting; 4th, his refusal again, and sending me to a medical doctor; 5th, his denial in public what he told me in private; 6th, Elder McMath telling me to burn the papers and he never saw them; 7th, Dr. Ure's interference with the Session Clerk at its first meeting; 8th, someone in Session telling my wife to take (steal) the Sheerwood papers and give them to Session Clerk Miller by pre-arrangement; 9th, their refusal to give me the papers; 10th, the newspaper controversy, especially in *News-record* of Dec. 2nd, 1885.

Under the circumstances I appeal to your Assembly, claiming your investigation into the case, because I fail to see that I have done anything worthy the bans of excommunication in my endeavor to track out such a cowardly scourge of crime as the above. I venture the assertion that in your august and venerable Assembly, or in the wide

range of Christian clergymen, there would not have been one who would have acted such a part in the above as Dr. Ure did, and why? Because of their innocence and his guilt.

The heavenly grandeur of the teaching that has flowed into my heart from Sinai and Zion inspires me with confidence to defend my religion, my church, my wife, my home, my character, from such a scourge as the above.

I remain, Rev. Gentlemen of the Assembly,

Your petitioner in duty bound,

JOHN RUSSELL.

Goderich, April 19th, 1886.

The refusal of the Presbytery to allow me to be heard only at the 11th hour, after a one sided discussion from about 4 p. m. and renewed at 7 p. m., and carried over long after midnight, when I was allowed only to speak after repeatedly saying I would leave the Court with a body and mind exhausted by the whole Court, and my witnesses turning then from what they told me in private, and the Court refusing me a solicitor or one of its members to act for me as Queen's Counsel. I especially asked Rev. Mr. Stewart by letter to assist me, but he treated my written request with silent, contemptuous indifference, although at a former meeting of Presbytery, when I was leaving, he rose, shook hands with me, sympathised with me, and said the case was shocking. I afterwards applied to the Clerk of Presbytery for instructions to go to the Synod, with this result:

BLYTH, March 13th, 1886.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL,

DEAR SIR,—I consulted with the brethren about your letter and was advised to have nothing more to do with the matter of giving you advice.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,

A. McLEAN.

This is against the fundamental laws of the Presbyterian church; they check my right of appeal. As the Presbytery refused to send my Petition to the Synod (to Dr. Cochrane I replied it was no fault of mine, as the above

will show.) I then sent it to Rev. W. Reid, D. D., Clerk of Assembly, who says :

TORONTO, 19th July, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of 17th, in reference to your Petition to the General Assembly. I have to state that I laid the Petition before the Committee on Bills, &c., and it was by them transmitted to the Assembly. After hearing part of the Petition the Assembly declined to take up the case.

Yours truly,

WM. REID.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL, Goderich.

(The Petition is enclosed.)

The following is an extract from "The Acts and Proceedings of the Twelfth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada :"—"Dr. Reid presented and read, in part, a number of letters bearing the signature 'John Russell,' and an official stamp 'John Russell, Agent, Goderich, Ont.,' containing extended statements of grievances for which he sought redress. On motion of Mr. A. D. McDonald, duly seconded, the Assembly agreed as follows :—After reading papers from Mr. John Russell, of Goderich, decline to receive them."

And this from the *Globe* :

"The Assembly declined to take up the application of Mr. John Russell, of Goderich."—Extract from report of Presbyterian Assembly in Toronto *Globe*, Friday, June 18th, 1886.

Here, now, is this remarkable excommunication document from Knox church. The church calls it contumacy, but the modern star chamber fails to give us the cause of this ; that august tribunal cannot or will not grasp cause and effect. I beg your closest attention to Dr. Ure's letters, especially the words "contumacy," "offensive," "groundless" and "made clearly manifest," in connection with my Petition, and my answer to Dr. Ure's letter.

GODERICH, OCT. 8th, 1885.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL,

MY DEAR SIR,—In accordance with my promise I laid before the Session at its meeting, on Wednesday evening last, your letter, in which you ask for a certificate which shall state the time down to which you were a member in full communion of Knox church, also the date at which your name was removed from the communion roll of the church, with a statement of the reason for the action taken in your case. As you have already the information asked for the Session could not see why you should ask for it again. They agreed, however, to grant the request, and drew up a minute in reference to it, of which the certificate herewith sent is a copy. In transmitting the document the Session instructed me to inform you that, as soon as you are prepared to submit to the decision of the Session and Presbytery, and show a proper spirit towards those against whom you have brought groundless and vexatious charges, they will be happy to hear from you again and to take the necessary steps for your restoration to membership in the church, but that until then they will hold no further correspondence with you in regard to your case.

I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT URE.

As specially requested by Mr. Russell the Session of Knox church furnishes him with the following form of certificate : It is hereby certified that Mr. John Russell was a member in full communion of Knox church, Goderich, from June 2nd, 1874, until Jan. 21st, 1885, at which latter date he was placed under suspension ; that he remained under suspension until April 1st, 1885, at which date his name was removed from the communion roll of the church. The minutes of Session recording the acts of suspension, a copy of which was duly transmitted to Mr. Russell, specifies contumacy as the reason of this act. The minutes of Session recording the erasure of his name from the communion roll of the church, a copy of which was duly transmitted to him, is in the following terms : That the Session, having reported the fact of Mr. John Russell's contumacy to the Presbytery of Huron, and having been directed by the Presby-

tery to proceed in the case according to the laws of the church, the Session, taking into consideration all the circumstances of the case, agree to strike his name from the communion roll, which was accordingly done. The reasons of the Session's procedure as shown by the minutes are these: 1st, contumacy; this was shown by Mr. Russell in his explicit rejection of the authority of the Session, and in his openly expressed contempt for the same, in connection with a decision in regard to charges preferred by him against McD. Allan, charges on investigation which had been demanded both by Mr. Allan and himself; 2nd, a consideration of all the circumstances of the case, where the reference is to the spirit shown by Mr. Russell; (1), In the nature of the charges made by him, their being both offensive and groundless; (2), the persistency with which he has clung to his charges after their groundlessness had been made clearly manifest, and (3) in the vindictiveness that appears in letters addressed by him to Mr. Allan, to the Session and the Presbytery of Huron. As Mr. Russell appeared by Petition before the Presbytery, and obtained a judgment in his case, and, as the judgment of the Presbytery in regard to the second point now forms part of the Sessional record of the case, said judgment must be here appended to render this statement complete. It is as follows: The Presbytery declined to answer the prayer of his (Mr. Russell's) Petition respecting his reponement as a member of the church; 1st, because he has persistently continued to make charges false and vexatious; 2nd, because he has manifested a spirit so vindictive and bitter as is unbecoming a member of church.

(Signed) ROBT. URE.

Moderator of Session.

Goderich, Oct. 8th, 1885.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, before I read you my answer to this I remind you of Milton's translation from Sophocles: "Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds, and your ungodly deeds find me in words."

GODERICH, Oct 19th, 1885.

REV. ROBERT URE, D.D., Moderator Session of Knox Church.
DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 8th inst. and certificate of

church membership with cause of suspension and excommunication to hand. In reply, I refuse to accept these as sufficient cause for the above. Because, 1st, you say contumacy but do not state in and for what clearly; 2nd, you say my charges against Allan were offensive after their groundlessness had been made clearly manifest; this is a false statement—a gross untruth—which you well know, sir. Good God have mercy on you and your Session. Groundless, aye, groundless! Let us see, groundless! Why did Elder McMath tell me to burn the papers and he never saw them?—is this groundless? What did Elder Mitchell say to me and I to him, and why was he not examined in Presbytery?—is this groundless? What did Elder McDonald say to me, and why did he send me to you?—is this groundless? Why was he not examined in Presbytery?—is this groundless? And what, sir, did you say to me, and send me to Dr. Taylor to learn from him if he thought that Allan could stand the charge, which he did for about an hour, when he was a self-condemned, guilty, conscience-stricken coward, but for timely aid would in all likelihood have been in a suicide's grave?—is this groundless? Nay. Who taught my wife to be a sneak-thief and tale-bearer to me now of the Session's business contrary to my instructions given to Miller on Sept. 16th? Who got the stolen papers and kept them against my will and right? Your sneak Miller, your Clerk of Session. Shame! Shame! Is this groundless? Who said in Session (you, sir) to burn my papers? Who was compelled to admit in Presbytery that you said to burn the papers? Shame! Shame! Shame! Gracious God! burn my papers! what a word! it is worthy the devils in hell. Burn my papers! why, sir, if you had got your hellish plans complete the ashes of burnt papers could have told no stories, as they now can. Is this groundless? No, sir, firm as adamant, thank God, the papers are safe. Why was Mr. Strang, that officious weathercock, not examined in Presbytery? He carried himself more like a braying ass than a B. A. who was taught to search for truth in academic groves; is this groundless? Nay, nay, poor creations of men, I pity you. So much for your Presbyterian evidence, you call this groundless. Nay. Mr. Hays told me in presence of Messrs. Kay and Ward that

Allan was the writer. Why were they not examined in Presbytery on oath?—is this groundless? Nay, you must completely overturn the above and other evidence I hold before I accept any such instrument from you as a just, true and honorable clearance from your church membership. I therefore refuse to accept it, and will, as I formerly advised you, apply for a token of admission unless you give me more satisfactory reasons for your censure, suspension and excommunication of me from your church. You further say that your Session instructed you to inform me that as soon as I am prepared to submit to the decision of Session and Presbytery, and to show a proper spirit against whom I have brought groundless and vexatious charges they will be happy, etc., etc.; if not they will hold no further intercourse with me. 1st, I will not accept yours as groundless; 2nd, your Session might well wish to be clear of me and mine. I care not a snow-flake for your company in Church and State; your Session and Presbytery to me is unworthy what has been done on our planet. Clarence's dream for you. But I thank you for yours, it gives me more power.

I remain, Rev. Moderator, yours truly,

JOHN RUSSELL.

This closes the history of my remarkable excommunication and Petition through the Presbyterian church courts for the year 1886. Shocked at this, I reviewed the case thus and sent it to Rev. W. Reid, Clerk of Assembly:

GODERICH, June 1st, 1887.

REV. W. REID, D. D., Clerk of General Assembly.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of July 29th, 1886, informing me you have to state that I laid the Petition before the Committee on Bills, etc., and it was by them transmitted to the General Assembly; after hearing part of the Petition the Assembly declined to take up the case; you also enclosed the Petition. For these accept thanks. In this communication the instrument is privately and correctly named "Petition" four times. The *Globe* of June 18th, 1886, says the Assembly declined to take up the application of Mr. John Russell, of Goderich, and in the "Acts and Proceedings of

the Twelfth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada" it says: "Dr. Reid presented and read in part a number of letters bearing the signature of John Russell and an official stamp "John Russell, Goderich, Ont.," containing extended statement of grievances for which he sought redress. On motion of Mr. A. D. McDonald, duly seconded, the Assembly agreed as follows: After reading papers from Mr. John Russell decline to receive them." Now, rev. rend doctor, permit me to request you to inform me why my Petition is publicly called in the *Globe* an application, and in the reports of the Assembly letters and papers. I enclose the Petition to be again presented to the Assembly, and I claim from that Assembly the sacred truth relative to the instrument I laid before them through you, because it was and is a Petition. Why was the Petition falsely called in the *Globe* an application and in the "Acts and Proceedings of the Assembly" letters and papers? Why was the word "Petition," showing the importance of the instrument, suppressed publicly, and you, reverend doctor, in returning me my Petition in about three-score words, mention the word "Petition" four times. O! sacred truth, hast thy triumph ceased awhile, when the highest church courts in the Presbyterian church in Canada falsely name an important instrument an application, letters and papers, when it is and has been indorsed by these church courts "Petition?" What leagued, oppressive cowardice! 'Tis a pity for religion, truth and justice that the church that falsely calls a Petition an application and letters, and treats with worse than atheistical and stoical indifference the prayers of a Petition, was not linked to the State; the Petition would have been at the throne of our Empire. The inference drawn from the words "application, letters and papers," thus publicly given, is this: That I was an applicant by letter to your court for a menial office in the Holy of Holies of your church. But on motion of Mr A. D. McDonald, duly seconded, etc.—To those of us who are familiar with the lay part of your Assembly we might justly conclude from the want of the prefix reverend to this name that the Mr. A. D. McDonald was the Rev. Dr. Ure's butcher or baker, tinker or tailor; but it is not so with me; this is the Rev. A. D. McDonald who, in my official capacity as trustee in his first church in

Huron, I measured lances with long ago, and he took a prominent part in the fraud and false witness, burn the papers; and some one in the church taught my wife to be a thief. So much for Mr. A. D. McDonald and the suppression of my Petition. The "Acts" further says, "bearing the signature of John Russell and an official stamp. I acknowledge both; the official stamp was for my use to aid me in my business contract with the New York Life Co., which officially stamps me able to use correct language in writing to the Co. and the General Assembly of Canada, who will please accept my thanks for especially noticing the official stamp; but my business was ruined by the public censure, suspension and excommunication by me of Knox church. The official stamp was microscopically noted, but not the heavy, clumsy, clinging, gnawing, grinding chain of circumstantial evidence, fit for a standard, philosophic Paley, in my Petition against Dr. Ure, oh, no! who has resigned going to Winnipeg with this load, poor man. What a spectacle your Assembly presents; and here in the streets and Square I publicly flaunt papers in Dr. Ure's face and ask him in a loud clear voice if he would like to burn them. Shades and memories of the mighty dead of the Cromwell and Milton era, and of the manly Knox especially, whose names glitter and shine with electric power on the long roll of sacred and profane history for our grateful use now! Reverence for your worth and immortality ended with the Twelfth General Assembly, when, without truth, without justice, without manliness, a Petition is falsely called and its prayer not heard. For loss of business with my stamp and in being held up to the public as an applicant and letter writer, instead of, and correctly, Petitioner, I claim \$10,000 damages from the Assembly or my Petition heard and thoroughly examined. So much for the public aspect of the case. Reverend doctor this takes me back to the days of "Auld Lang Syne," when my mother taught me the ten commandments and put especial force upon the commands "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not bear false witness," with reasons annexed thereto in our shorter catechism. O! what a reverential gratitude I owe to that mother, who thus early taught me and engraved as none but a mother can upon the hearts and conduct of her boys respect for truth. Never, O!

never, will I forget the last task she imposed upon me when in my early manhood I left her home—sweet, sweet home. From the “Big ha’ Bible” I read to her “Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit ye like men, be strong”—be worthy what has been done for you. I repeat the ten commandments and recite the paraphrase :

I am not ashamed to own my Lord
Or to defend His cause,
Maintain the glory of the Cross
And honor all His laws.

The earthly influence of my mother’s teaching is now transformed into one of the glorious cloud of witnesses who are encircling me with this heavenly power, and which clearly marks me as an agent in the Providence of God to defend the teaching of Sinai, the Bible, the Cross, the home, and that cloud of witnesses who have in all ages so manfully upheld sacred truth, which I will do while my thought and flesh cling together.

From scenes like these Old Scotia’s grandeur springs,
To scenes like these Old Scotia’s future glory clings,

To scenes like these Old Scotia’s gratitude is chained to Sinai and its teaching ; to scenes like these Old Scotia’s sons who are dutiful now will keep her good name unsullied from aught that will create a want of respect for sacred truth. I, as one of her sons, will do anything in my power, delegated as I am by the omnipotent Providence of God, to dispel the death shade, the hurricane eclipse, the tumultuous, horrible cowardice raging round the church. The Son of Righteousness and Truth must dispel all falsehood from her. On private grounds of relationship we care naught for your use of the words “application” and “letters” instead of, and correctly, “Petition” when we see such falsehood and cowardice in the Assembly. On public, religious and private grounds, I return you my Petition to have it correctly named. I may call your attention to the third sentence in my Petition. To Mrs. Dr. Ure I first announced the fact that owing to my careful use of words I was a *Mail* con-

tributor, addressing a power and an audience that shrinks your court into insignificance. I therefore expect the General Assembly will call communications from me by their right name. And if I have libelled in my writings in the press, or in pamphlets which I have printed and sent you and a great many others, the law is open to you and courted by me. My soul, secure in its exultant and growing truth, smiles at your drawn deceit and falsehood and defies its point. Be pleased, therefore, reverend doctor of the Assembly, to present my Petition to be rightly named by the Assembly and return it to yours, dutifully bound by the laws of God and man to maintain the grandeur of my sweet religion and its Christian civilization so long as my thought and flesh cling together.

I remain, reverend doctor, in the Providence of God,

Yours truly,

JOHN RUSSELL.

At the same time I sent the following :

REV. W. REID, D. D., Clerk of General Assembly.

DEAR SIR,—I have kept the above from you until now because of a correspondence going on between the Toronto, Montreal and New York offices of the New York Life Insurance Co., relative to the breach of contract between us, which was done, I believe, through the influence of some one in connection with Knox church here. The officers to date are shrinking the question—I sympathize with them, but duty must be done ; gravitation in physics and Providence in crime is all powerful. I will telegraph you result of above to Winnipeg. With this I mail you, the Moderator and Rev. A. D. McDonald again my pamphlets.

I remain, reverend doctor,

Yours, most respectfully and truly,

Goderich, June 1st, 1887.

JOHN RUSSELL.

Dr. Reid's answer from Winnipeg to the above :

OFFICE OF PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA,
50 Church Street, Toronto,

21st July, 1887.

TO MR. JOHN RUSSELL,
Agent, Goderich.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge yours of the 20th. The General Assembly declined to take up your Petition, which I now return along with this. Yours truly,

W. REID.

And in the "Acts and Proceedings of the Thirteenth General Assembly" it says: "Dr. Reid presented a Petition from John Russell, agent, Goderich. Dr. Reid indicated generally the character of the document. On motion of Mr. Peter Musgrove, seconded by Mr. Justice Taylor, the Assembly declined to receive the Petition."

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, mark this well—now is the history of my Petition through the church courts unheeded and falsified. A Petition is an application made by an inferior to a superior, and especially to one having jurisdiction; a Petition is on land what a signal of distress is on the ocean—a cry for help. Who can look upon either with stoical indifference? But mark again, I charge the church with being the agent of breaking the contract between the New York Life Co. and me, from earning my bread and butter from that source. But I thank the church from the very bottom of my heart for lifting me into a more profitable sphere of usefulness—to lecture or show Providence our Monitor and Electric Power. The man who claimed to love his God, while he did not love his neighbor, is a liar. The best of all duties is to be fighting for one's country and God.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I have now shown you that man is a co-worker with God in matter and mind, as shown by Columbus in matter and my Petition in mind and crime. What the scraps of the vegetable kingdom—light in the darkness—and a piece of wood marked by an iron instrument were to Columbus the following scraps of circumstantial evidence were sure proof to me of the conspirators against my purse, person and truth. Carry this, then, the grand lesson of my lecture with you, through life;

and now I call upon you to shun the very conception of wrong-doing to your God, your conscience and your fellow-men. Live ever as in your great Taskmaster's eye ; keep your mind continually fixed on an Almighty Judge, who says, with tremendous conscience-searching power: "Be sure your sins will find you out." I will now glance at the proof my Petition gives: 1st, Rev. Mr. Thomson's coming for the first time after being three years in Brucefield, a distance of only seventeen miles, the Sunday before such an influential company was to go and hear him preach at Brucefield; 2nd, Dr. Ure's look and manner to me; 3rd, his refusal to effect a reconciliation; 4th, his refusal again and sending me to a medical doctor; 5th, his denial in public what he told me in private; 6th, Elder McMath's telling me to burn the papers and he never saw them; 7th, Dr. Ure's interference with the Session clerk; 8th, some one in Session telling my wife to take (steal) the Sheerwood papers; 9th, the newspaper controversy, which is false. It would have given me, as it would you, a vast amount of the clearest circumstantial evidence to have enlarged upon these points, because circumstances cannot lie; but time will not allow me. I can only add, for successfully putting that evidence together and thereby trapping the human wolves, I was suspended, censured and excommunicated. As the punishment of excommunication carries with it such degrading, galling publicity I feel ashamed to enter a church now until I publicly defend myself; and through what I fearlessly and confidently charge my opponents with I was deprived of the agency of the New York Life Co., to prevent me from earning my bread and butter from that source, as the *Presbyterian Review* calls our food. I appealed twice by Petition to the General Assembly; they refused to hear me and called a Petition an application, thereby bearing false witness against me and the ten commands. This closes my case with the church courts. What a story—my home, my business ravaged and ruined, my wife taught to steal my papers, and church courts reft of fellow-feeling, sympathy, compassion, manliness, mercy, religion, truth—what a story! Break, torture, worry the old contumacious, excommunicated sinner's spirit; deprive him of his reason; make him fit for an asylum; put his old excommunicated body under

the wheels of our would-be Imperial Juggernaut ; grind and scatter the dust of his excommunicated bodily dust so that it mingles and pollutes the dust of Mother Earth. He is excommunicated from the Presbyterian Holy of Holies ; he carries with him our would-be sovereign brand. Away, away with him, among the bestial herds to roam. He has got the rankling, poisonous wound from our Presbyterian paw. This is the spirit of the Presbyterian church to me, the contumacious, the excommunicated. Thanks ! Thanks ! This is the low-murmuring, subterranean sound of the church courts culminating by calling a Petition an application. What leagued, oppressive cowardice ! "A lie is courage to God, cowardice to man." But, again, thanks to Providence, who all along and is now my Monitor !

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, home is the boundary of our empire ; God has fenced it in from all the world ; it is a realm by itself. It is the most sacred spot to us ; nothing so soon kindles a man into a conflagration of wrath or hurls him into such a thunderbolt of indignation as the invasion of his home. Ladies and gentlemen, I can now confidently appeal to you not to allow the Presbyterian church to put ruin's ploughshare over my head and home. You must not allow this, the 19th century of our sweet religion and its glorious civilization, to be ravaged by the Presbyterian wolf's paw of the Milton era ; this must and will be crushed if you aid me. Gentlemen, which of you will be to me what Marchenas was to Columbus ? Ladies, which of you will be to me what Queen Isabella was to Columbus ? I claim your united support, for while I defend my own case I defend yours. Remember a crime that defiles the sacred springs of married domestic confidence is a crime of unspeakable atrocity, and that whosoever does anything to depreciate Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind. Concealment does nothing to lessen the burden of guilt, and I am fighting that sinister conspiracy which wears the forms of religion to destroy human liberty and the prosperity of states. Clericalism is no less dangerous in Canada ; in fact, there is no spot on earth where, relatively to the forces arrayed against it, it is so formiable. Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine. She seeks neither

place nor applause; she only asks a hearing. Hear what the *Globe* of June 29th, 1885, says: "The degeneracy of the Presbyterian church into a close ecclesiastical corporation that is fast destroying its fundamental principles, so far as the rights and the liberties of the people are concerned." Brave, true and noble words from the *Globe*. Who, I repeat, made the *Globe*, in the above case, call a Petition an application? A church that would under the above circumstances call a Petition an application is surely out of place in Christendom, and especially in young Canada. If not, it needs a providential Monitor and electric lightening Power to remind it of its duty to God and man, "and that whom the gods want to destroy they first make mad," for surely it is the cowardly, imbecile infatuation of madness for such a court to call a Petition an "application, letters and papers." Where is this thirteen year old church going? Whither is it drifting? Where is it taking its bearings from? Not from heaven, but from the human dregs of earth. Where is it leading its flock by such an example as the above? This church makes truth shriek with uplifted hands to God and man for help, for as the American poet says:

In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The ten commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing.

Young Canada, abhor, resent with all the majesty of your young and vigorous manhood, backed as you are by the sublime teaching of God and worthy manhood, whether individual or collective. Those who have helped to make your Christianity, your civilization, your empire, so that this combination of power commands, and justly, the incense of a world's applause, young Canada, treasure them. Say from the bottom of your heart: "I dare do all becomes a man to do; who dares do more is none." We read and admire a book called "The Tactics of Infidels," but look at the tactics of the Presbyterian church to me, the press and truth. Religion suffers naught from the tactics of infidels in comparison with what she does from her own courts. Duty prompts me to hold this up as a beacon-fire to warn

the churches of Christendom to respect truth, laymen and the press; for these will flourish when cowardly churches, with their falsehoods and "star chamber conclaves," will dwindle into insignificance and be swept from the face of the earth. If I was called upon to concentrate the genesis and genius of our religion and civilization into one word, that word would be "manliness." Be manly, be worthy of what has been done for you, and hand it along. You are bound by a thousand ties to hand along the stream of time a good example, a worthy influence, a noble record. See how you are backed. *Grip*, of Oct. 15th, 1887, says: "*Grip* has no sympathy with religious intolerance of any kind and will continue in the future, as he has in the past, to stand up firmly for even-handed justice to all churches and creeds." The Presbyterian church, having jurisdiction over Dr. Ure, leaves him in his ignominy, that has brought disgrace on his parentage, his name, our church, our religion, our Christianity, our country, our humanity; and the church says to the Creator of our conscience—that vicegerent of Almighty Power in our bodies—it is useless; that the feeling of resentment in our souls is useless; that we are robbed of the majestic power given us as co-workers of God to track out crime is useless; that Jehu is to put his arrow in its quiver and Jesus His sword in its scabbard; that the teaching of St. Paul, the apostle of progress, is useless. The church here refuses to look into a crime so black and hideous by one of its ministers that the Crown has and will defend me again; and the Crown now guards the proof of it, in papers marked No. 1, 2, 3, in Osgoode Hall. Let crime like this go unpunished and there is an end to all law, human and divine. I will now give you a few names of distinguished educators, as Bacon, Montaigne, Wayland, Beattie, Nott, Doehrane, Dumoulin, Jeffery, Grant of Winnipeg, Newman and Principal Grant, relative to the importance of truth and veneration for the statutes of God, for your study; but Principal Grant, with matchless truth and power, says: "Some men and all cattle are reft of patriotism to our three in one dear Motherland," which I heartily endorse, and add: Some men and all cattle are reft of patriotism to the Holy Land. Oh, sacred truth! has thy triumph ceased awhile? Oh, patriotism for the Holy Land! Oh, patriotism for the

heroes and martyrs of many lands! Oh, patriotism for the debt of gratitude we owe our Motherland, or the land of our adoption or birth! Bow your head in sorrow and shame, clothe yourself in sackcloth and ashes, that the NOW of our religion, our duty, should be so desecrated. To this Presbyterian church I say, dutifully and fearlessly: Crush this serpent, excommunicate it from Christendom, yea, our globe, for its place is amongst the bestial herds to roam; it is suicidal to its conscience; it is milk-livered; it biteth like an adder and stingeth like a serpent, or, in the terrible language of the Psalmist, "what shall be given thee, or what shall be done to thee, false tongue? E'en burning coals of Juniper, sharp arrows of the strong."

But, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, this must not be. Furnish me with the sinews of war and you will soon see and hear the most needful and grandest trial that at once exalted and degraded the High Court of Justice in Canada. Ennobled by the record of St. Paul whose example adorns our humanity, I glory in the tribulation of excommunication, because (and in the words of Knox) I speak the truth, impugn it whoso list. Remember! O, remember! young Canada, there is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency, as the simple truth. The most important thought I ever had was my personal responsibility to God. Conscience is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law. It rebukes sin with a stern voice and passes its sentence on the transgressor. It is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. It haunts man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience or escape the pain of its avenging lash. It is a gnawing worm which secretly preys on his vitals. It says: Oh, God! put back Thy universe and give me yesterday. But you will not allow chill penury to repress my noble rage and freeze the genial current of my soul, when my object is to defend and purify your homes, your wives, your altars, your country, your humanity. I need \$100, yea, \$1,000, to go to law with such an institution as the Presbyterian church and the New York Life Co.; but I will get it, because Canada is loyal to her homes, her God, country and empire.

There are two public points here that give me the most poignant grief—1st, the refusal of the church courts to hear me and call a Petition an application, and, 2nd, the *Globe* miscalls my Petition an application. We have proof that the Petition was read and named a Petition in the several church courts, and by the Assembly Clerk styled a Petition, in his letter to me of about sixty words mentions the word Petition four times. Now, by what influence did the *Globe* designate my Petition an application? Not one in the august Assembly of the gallant four hundred had the courage to check this falsehood; no one here with courage to stop the highest court in the Presbyterian church from being a witness against itself, a suicide to its conscience; no Daniel here to smite the lie to this ground; no one here to stop truth and the press from degradation. Where is the vile power that linked the *Globe* to this collusion? I will now read the following letter to the *Globe*:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "GLOBE."

SIR,—In the *Globe* of June 18th, you say the Presbyterian Assembly "declined to take up the application of Mr. John Russell, of Goderich." Permit me to correct this. It was not an application, but a Petition, which the Presbytery refused to send to Synod Clerk. Rev. A. McLean, Clerk of Presbytery, says: "I had no instructions to forward your Petition to Synod." Why did not Dr. Cochrane himself forward it—Dr. Cochrane, who, in his card to me, dated March 31st, says: "Nothing can come before the Synod unless it comes through the Presbytery. You have, however, the right of Petition if they refuse to send on to the Synod your case." I therefore sent the Petition, and on April 16th Dr. Cochrane says: "I received your Petition, and showed it to the Presbyterian Clerk at the Synod, but he said that it had not come through the Presbytery; therefore I could not present it to the Synod." It was no fault of mine the Synod did not get the Petition. Dr. Cochrane returned me the Petition. On April 27th, I sent the Petition to Rev. W. Reid, D. D., Clerk of Assembly, who, on the 19th May, says: "If you wish to withdraw your Petition, just say so." On May 24th I replied to this, refusing to take back my Petition, and asking if they wanted my presence or my wife at the

Assembly, &c., &c. On June 15th I wrote the Moderator, saying: "I beg to call your attention to a Petition of mine to Assembly, and a letter to Rev. W. Reid, Clerk of Assembly." The Petition is now in the hands of the Rev. W. Reid, Clerk of Assembly, and the only notice I have got of it to date is in the *Globe* of June 18th. The above extracts from the Clerk of Presbytery, Synod and Assembly clearly show that the instrument was a Petition and not an application. Why, then, was it not named correctly in the *Globe*? Why was the *Globe* made to insert the word "application" instead of "Petition?" and why was I made to approach the Assembly by application instead of, and correctly, by Petition, but to conceal the truth and importance of the Petition? The *Globe* has been informed that my Petition was an application, and I am deprived of the right of Petition. What next? My Petition was an appeal to the Assembly to investigate my censure, suspension, and excommunication from Knox church, Goderich, because I received a letter signed J. N. Sheerwood, box 1176, Toronto, which was a fraud, and traced it to one A. McD. Allan, and Rev. Dr. Ure, of this place. A member of Dr. Ure's Session told me to burn the papers, and he never saw them. Failing in this the Session, imitating the devil in Paradise, taught my wife to take (steal) the papers, and gave them (by pre-arrangement) to the Session Clerk, when Dr. Ure said to burn them to conceal a fraud, and for the purpose of hiding the first proof of guilt against my person and purse. Such is the importance of the Petition which the Assembly gives to the *Globe* as an application, and which has not been heard on my behalf and prayer. But the Petition wants to be read in detail to bring out the contemptible, inexpressible atrocity of the case. It is a 19th century curiosity in literature; a subject to save us from the Presbyterian wolf; fit for a Milton, a Taylor, or a Macaulay. The publicity which the above has assumed in the local papers here, in the Post Office Department, Toronto and Ottawa, in the Hon. the Attorney General's office, where copies are lodged, and in the Inspector of Legal Offices, Osgoode Hall, where the originals are, makes the giving of the word "application" instead of "Petition" to the *Globe* most unjust, untruthful, and degrading to the influence of the

Globe, and which it is my duty to correct at once for the teaching of the *Globe*, and my interests. Your insertion of the above to correct a misstatement maintain the dignity of the press, case presented by the *Globe*, and the right of Petition. I remain, sir,

Yours truly,

JOHN RUSSELL.

Goderich, June 29th, 1886.

The *Mail* kept clear of this collusion. Help me to bring this to light. Why slumbered the power that made the halls of Babylonian revelry tremble that it did not write on the walls of the church in Hamilton "thou art found wanting;" for it is the function of the church in organized communities to deal with sin as it is of the State to deal with crime. Praise was wafted to me by my fellow-citizens of all denominations and no denomination for clearing them and bringing the crime true upon the foul wretches who dishonored the name their parents gave them and ratified by the sublime sacrament of baptism. But from the Presbyterian church I received censure, suspension and excommunication, and my Petition called an application. And now I hold this church's courts up to the garish light of Providence through my agency, and challenge the truth of my Petition, assuring these courts that this is not the age, nor I the man, to be ravaged by the Presbyterian wolf's paw now. A lie that is half a truth is the worst of lies. The barbarous, cowardly treatment which our age has received from this church in this matter justifies, prompts, yea, compels me to appeal to the public for their verdict and support. The breath of my body ought to be blown from my dead soul if I did not resent my excommunication for what I have done, and what the church has done to the press in this matter. The church here rushes against the thick bosses of God Almighty's power to search out the sinner. The church, if true to itself, ought to have given praise instead of condemnation. The power of all the churches in Christendom cannot stop the providential march to check crime; but, sir, if the Presbyterian church wants a job I say: Let it try to satisfy the ocean with a drop or marry immortality to death. But the press is by the church corrupted and degraded through my instrumentality;

that palladium of our rights and liberties, that argus-eyed and electric power, almost omnipotent and omnipresent as an agent in the hands of God and man to detect crime and reward virtue, is here corrupted to reduce the most important appeal that man can make to God or man—a humble, prayerful Petition made to appear a mere application. I hurl this back to its authors, red with uncommon wrath to blast the power that will dare to pollute the press—the press, the human light of the world. Were the world a ring of gold the press would be its diamond. The press is to earth what the stars are to heaven. The alphabet is the grandest outcome of our God-like creative powers—moulded by a skillful and gorgeous dome of thought and palace of the soul. High o'er the rest the mighty press shines, eternal adamant is its throne. It thunders from the *Times* or the Vatican, and electrifies our civilization. Marshalled into words like "God Save the Queen," "Rule Britannia," "Scots wha hae," the "Marselais" or "John Brown," it is an overwhelming army with banners; it creates martial thunder and the delirium of patriotism; it is the ceramic art of our civilization; it is ancient Sinai thundering in the NOW; or into words again it falls like the dew from heaven from the lips of a fond mother, bending with love over her first-born, when she chants "Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy couch," in our dear Canadian homes—sweet, sweet, homes. O, my dear babe, O, if wretched, cowardly, wolfish-minded, monstrous creations in the form of men come to our home and want me to steal my husband's papers, I would take the form and spirit of a virago! Shriek to God and man for help to tear the eyes from the vile body of the human monster who did insult my wife and degrade the holy bonds of marriage! The Session Clerk, Miller, of Knox church, did this to my wife; he did encourage my wife to be recreant to her marriage vows. This work of the church sends a thrill of horror into every heart that can say or has a near prospect of saying, "Hail, wedded bliss!" To this "star chamber picture" add the refusal of my appeal and calling a Petition an application. The church courts dare not deny this, but wink at it, and check the fundamental outflow of my appeal. But I forced it there, and

when there what a result! "Ye stars, hide your fires, let not light see the black and deep desires!" The church court woos woman whose name is Frailty with their deep and black desires, makes her recreant to her marriage vows. A church guilty, as it is, of such work is a disgrace to our age; it is a picture for Milton's pandemonium; it is history repeating itself. Ladies, remember and imitate what Milton says of Eve: That grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye, in every gesture dignity and love; then, and then only, will you be able to check the assaults of Neroic human monsters upon your person and position. God gives peace to the dead, passion to the living. No nation or church can live where the home is not all but the sweetest shrine; where the person, the rights, the possibilities of women are not a willing and sacred charge upon the honor of men. But the press—the press—I love it, I adore it, I have from my early manhood contributed to it and will do so while my flesh and thought cling together! The press gave me the first link in the chain of circumstantial evidence against the foul wretches who conspired against my purse, person, home and wife, as my Petition shows. There are monsters which blacken the depth of old ocean to elude their foes; there are human monsters on land. Young Canada, I call upon you to keep the air and influence of the press unsullied; the press will teach you to know yourself and to be known of men; it will invigorate and strengthen your ideas of right, justice and truth; make you if you woo her worthily. Engrave on your heart: I dare do all becomes a man to do, who dares do more is none. I repeat, the press gave me the first link in the chain of circumstantial evidence. I now glance at the other press we got from Sinai. Says Beecher: "Earthquakes and lightning put their forces together to rack a mountain in Arabia Petrea, and the travelers of to-day find a heap of broken and granitic rocks and boulders against boulders from which was taken the first law library written by the finger of God Almighty Himself. What are they, the ten commandments? The corner stone of all morality, all wise law. They are the pillars upon which society rests." See how the Presbyterian church deals with them through me. "Thou shalt not steal," "thou shalt not bear false witness," was set at naught,

as my Petition shows. This church says to Moses in the language of *Grip*: "Go back, Moses, go back!" Here there is ample clear and convincing proof that the press, the mightiest engine in the intellectual world, to be to us a providential monitor and electric power for the present and eternal well-being of our sublime and God-like humanity, was so tampered with in the cause of sacred truth and justice against clerical falsehood and suicidal cowardice. What a spectacle that church presents to Sinai, Calvary and the long roll of martyrs who have shed their blood in defence of truth. Look at this picture and aid me in my defence of the press. The thoughts of the press resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the martyr Massinger sent down from the garden of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to invigorate and purify. I call upon the press of all shades of politics, religion and language throughout civilization to aid me to resent with the majesty of law this debasing, degrading, daring insult to the press. "Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves." As Columbus, aided by Catholic Spain, forced the European powers to acknowledge his right, so will I, if you aid me, force the Presbyterian church to hear me and acknowledge my right. To encourage young Canada to woo the press I notice specially for you one of my latest contributions, called "Goderich Harbor." In gathering my word levers I omitted the word "lath;" the *Empire* gracefully added this in its issue with mine of Jan. 9th, 1888. In this communication I had two special objects in view and carried them both triumphantly—1st, for the U. S. government to reward Capt. Green for heroically saving a crew, which they gratefully did by giving the Capt. a magnificent gold watch and chain; and, 2nd, to stop our government from opening a sluice, the contract of which was entered into at a cost of \$16,000. This was stopped. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Press! In writing for the press get a grand, a noble object, and then let brevity, purity and truth be your aim. Never, O, never, but give to words their right meaning! What false, cowardly, suicidal corruption to call a

Petition an application and letters and papers, as the Presbyterian Assembly did with my Petition. We feel very strongly that there never was an occasion when it was more the duty of all who look into public affairs to call on Vice to pause, and Folly to think, and Party to be silent. Look out how you try to corner or trample on a man who is backed up by the hand of God Almighty. Look out how you trample on him. Young Canada, if you are trampled upon and refused a hearing by any church, as I have been, remember your duty to your Creator, yourself and country; remember your feelings, your passions are in morals what motion is in physics. They create, preserve, and animate and without them all would be silence and death. So may we when the blaze of passionate resentment is hung upon man's nature. Mark in him the sign of a celestial origin and tremble at the invisible agents of God. For conscience is that undefinable element within a man which is part of the Almighty, the link which binds the creature to the Creator, the connecting link between the human and divine. The soul that has not the capacity for anger at evil wants something of its due capacity. Young Canada, there is work for you in church and State, looming up as the dark mists of time rolling off will discover. Look on church timorous effeminacy, on state jealousy. Prepare yourself for duty. A greater than grand old England is continually saying to you away down and up in the unfathomable depths and heights of conscience: Do your duty. To fit you for this remember you have the teaching example and influence of the great souls and masterpieces of our race—our immortal Shakespeare and Milton—and above all remember your Bible; from the first page to the last is God's Providence. Let these be your Pharaohs, your lighthouse. "They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits," "And to watch ye stand fast in the faith; quit ye like men, be strong." You will then look on fraud, rebellion, guilt and excommunication in the calm light of mild philosophy, and religion will bathe your drooping spirits in delight beyond the bliss of dreams. Remember, young Canada, it is an awful condemnation for a man to be brought by God's Providence face to face with a great possibility of service and of blessing, and then to show himself such that God

has put him aside for other instruments. Heaven, earth and your conscience unite like the three Graces--Faith, Hope and Charity--to adorn your brow with the garland of the victor only when you are worthy of it; strive for it, young Canada.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Young Canada, I earnestly trust that you will never forget the lesson now given you that Providence is our Monitor and Guide. It now rests with me to counsel church courts who may be called upon to measure lances with married men to let their wives alone--severely alone--and to remember: Be sure your sins will find you out. There are hidden laws that control and shape our lives. An infinite God could give as much attention to you as to the solar system, and without evil there would be no trial, no struggle, no sympathy, no active benevolence, but all would rest satisfied in their solitary bliss. Actions and motives, in fact, are all that are our concern, for results, whether good or evil, are in the hands of the Almighty and His co-worker, man; therefore exert your talents and distinguish yourself, and don't think of retiring from the world until the world will be sorry you retire. I hate a fellow whom pride, or cowardice, or laziness drives into a corner, and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do and bark.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, in conclusion, I have been charged with hypercriticism relative to the words "Petition" and "application." I deny the charge, for if you look at the meaning of the words in the Britannia Encyclopedia, a dictionary or Queen's Counsel, as I have done, the collusion between the Assembly and *Globe* becomes more visible that the Assembly fathered a lie. What a proof that a lie is courage to God and cowardice to man! The man who coolly, deliberately, intelligently lies has reached the lowest depths of human degradation. "'Tis you that say it, not I; you do the deeds and your ungodly deeds find me in words."

"Man, proud man, dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels
weep."

Weep at the above work of the twelve year old Presbyterian church. Trifles are God's levers; "trifles are God and man's levers." I have shown you what they were to Columbus on the dark, dreary ocean. Look at this continent now. Trifles removed from the base of the Rocky Mountains or were made to level and bridge this continent, give you a road of steel and electricity to show you the grandeur of an empire on which the sun never sets, that no external or internal jealous and gold-bought traitor dare to shatter. Hoard like a miser the heaven-sent treasures of the Holy Land, and with the de'irium of patriotism, the grandeur of your Motherland, your greater Britain—that globe-encircling coronet which commands the incense of a world's applause. The trifle of a guilty look enables me to stand before you now challenging the august power of the Presbyterian church. Young Canada, woo like a fond lover admiration for trifles, whether in matter microscopic or mind, and then you will say:

"Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of Glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story."

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I now appeal to the public in lecture form to aid me with contributions to enable me to carry my case forward to the High Court of Justice, if this twelve year old church will not do so against me; because the gratitude we ought to cherish to antiquity demands from us, as agents in the Providence of God, that we "plant the great hereafter in this NOW."

Ladies and gentlemen, I confidently appeal to you—to you, whose souls are lit with wisdom from on high, from Sinai, Calvary and the long roll of martyrs; to you who are grateful for the blessing of our sweet religion and its glorious civilization—that you will liberally aid me to stop this intolerant religious persecution, this cunning, stealthy spirit of malignity towards me by the Presbyterian infantile

church. By doing so you will show your gratitude to the past, your duty in the present, and show to futurity that you are worthy the trust imposed upon you to defend the heavenly grandeur of the teaching that has flowed into your hearts and inspires me with confidence to defend your religion, your church, your wives, your homes, your business, your country from such a scourge as my Petition and lecture show you has been done to me by the Presbyterian church. For I will defend my religion, my noble inheritance of civil and religious liberty and the right of petition and purity of the press while my thought and flesh cling together. Then, and then only, will the prayer of my Petition be acceptable to the God of Providence who has honored me as His agent. Then and then only will I be able to say: "See with what composure a Christian can die." Here in the bosom of the church that tenderly, like a nursing mother, offered me her consolation in the above trouble will I repose and say: The hour of my departure is come. Here will I lay me down and rest, that my refreshed soul, renewed in its full strength, may take its flight, an offering fit for heaven. So be it with all of you. God save truth. Finally and scientifically, I thank the Presbyterian church for teaching me to bring my atoms of individualism to the library, that laboratory for the diseases of the soul, at Ottawa, the capital of my country. My basket was not filled, like Masaneloe's, with oranges and lemons, but with the poisonous henbane, the offerings of degraded humanity, with its ungodly deeds, its atrocious, murderous assault upon religion, home, marriage, woman, conscience, petition, truth and the interest of the author.

JOHN RUSSELL.

